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THE CRAFTSMAN



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THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL: THE MAN AND THE MONUMENT



HAT should a great man's monument mean to the world? Is a statue possessing photographic resemblance enough? Must we associate a prophet with his times by the cut of his marble coat? Shall we render immortal a detail of fashion and imagine that

we have depicted the soul of a hero?

In all ages and countries monuments to great men have been subjected to most depressing and uninspiring influences. Often they are born in a moment of exaltation from which a nation swiftly reacts, or a tribute to real achievement is drowned in a slough of sentimentality. And worse than all, America—perhaps other nations too-has in late years all too often made her monument a memento of a political administration rather than a halo to catch the light of glorious deeds. Public art is indeed lost when it is doled out as patronage from the saloon and the lobby.

To avoid the meaningless memorial, posterity has sometimes sought to hold the memory of great deeds by creating opportunity for other and repeated good works, and thus a man's effort for humanity is made immortal in schools and hospitals, parks and playgrounds, in museums, in music homes; or individuals whose existence have been enriched in contemplating the life of some great humanitarian have renewed his gifts to the world in tributes of

poetry, song, story and sculpture.

Since the beginning of the world, greatness has held the power to thrill and stimulate those who have recognized it—this is a part of the hero's gift to the world—in fact, a greater part than his deeds if one reckons by spiritual achievement. But this response to a man's greatness is unconscious; it is his inevitable spiritual progeny, his rebirth, and does not take the place of the material public monument which the eager, loving heart of man yearns to establish as a symbol of his gratitude. Such a monument must consequently seek to render immortal in some permanent form the acts in a man's life that have lifted him up to the plane of heroism.

What can we do to infuse such a monument with the memory of a man's soul? How can we plan, build and carve until a mere structure thrills and inspires, recreating in the living the splendid impulses of the dead? And if we cannot design and produce such a structure, have we a right to attempt monuments to the men who

have led our nation in her greatest battles for the right?

Today in Washington we are planning a memorial to our Greatest Citizen, to the man we think of with pride, tenderness, gladness, heart-break, who lifts our spirits to the sky, brings our knees to





TWO DESIGNS FOR THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL IN WASHINGTON, MADE BY JOHN RUSSELL POPE AT THE REQUEST OF PRESIDENT TAFT.





GENERAL VIEW AND DETAIL OF MR. POPE'S LINCOLN MEMORIAL DESIGN FOR THE SOLDIERS' HOME SITE IN WASHINGTON.

THE MAN AND THE MONUMENT

the ground. The nation wants a concrete memorial to Lincoln. What shall it be? He has already received his full share of songs, poems, statues, stories. He is today the most revered of our best-beloved dead. But we want to say so again to the world. We want to crown some hilltop with our praise. We want a hymn in stone, dedicated to him, that will be as imperishable as the after-

math of his goodness.

Many suggestions have been made for this memorial, and not a few designs have been executed. The Art Commission of Washington, which was appointed in nineteen hundred and two to replan the whole city, included as a detail of its scheme the building of a monument to Lincoln. Mr. Henry Bacon was asked to undertake this commission, to make plans and designs to submit to the city. Later on President Taft specially appointed Mr. John Russell Pope also to draw up designs for different sites in Washington which had

been suggested as most desirable for the monument.

Although from the beginning there has been very little hope of these dream-designs of Mr. Pope's materializing into permanent monuments, his work being done tentatively, as a suggestion for the Commission, nevertheless so whole-heartedly did this artist embrace his task, so splendidly has he poured out his rich imagination into designs that hold the real spirit of Lincoln for the world, and so supremely has he overcome the difficulty of materializing the memory of spirituality, that his group of sketches for the three different sites in Washington have already created a sensation. They are being exhibited in the Architectural League in New York at present, and will be shown in various cities in the United States later on. In the spring they will go to London and then to Paris. In fact, the architectural world has accepted Mr. Pope's monument to Lincoln, whether Washington does or not. It is no small tribute to the man, that mere drawings of a memorial which may never be built, which may never become a permanent tribute to the artist, have nevertheless reached and thrilled the artist world.

Mr. Pope has not only developed the actual structures with inspiration, beauty and power, but he has so placed the buildings in relation to the surrounding landscape that the very countryside seems to lead up to pillars of the temples. In the original drawings seen at the Architectural League, these remarkable buildings had almost the quality of life itself. They stirred the imagination and touched the spirit in a fashion which we have grown to expect only from the living

thing.

Few testimonies to greatness have ever so widely touched two continents as this little group of rather simple color sketches, sug-

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gesting to the world one man's love and admiration for Lincoln. It is not easy to say just wherein lies the overwhelming quality of Mr. Pope's work, for he has designed three different temples adapted to crown three important sites in Washington—the Potomac Park site, the Soldiers' Home site and the Wonder Hill site. The construction suggested in the drawings is quite different for each of these buildings. The approaches also vary, and yet the consciousness of some vast, splendid spiritual achievement is inevitable and ineffable in each design. They seem monuments to the sun or to the creation of the world rather than merely to the sublime goodness of one individual. But after all is not the purpose that would erect a monument to the sun exactly the impulse that would create such memorials as these to a man whose whole life was suffused with the golden quality of supreme devotion to the right?

The Craftsman has not had an opportunity of seeing any other drawings for this memorial, so that in the praise given to Mr. Pope's work no invidious distinction is being made. We are only expressing frankly, as is always the pleasure of this magazine, our appreciation of one man's achievement. And whether these monuments are built or whether these fair dreams of architecture remain mere sketches, the artistic world is richer for Mr. Pope's conception, doubly richer because with all the love and reverence we have borne Lincoln in the past, we experience an added thrill in this testimonial

to his greatness.

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THE roofs are shining from the rain,
The sparrows twitter as they fly,
And with a windy April grace
The vivid clouds go by.

Yet the backyards are bare and brown With only one unchanging tree—I could not be so sure of Spring Save that it sings in me.

SARA TEASDALE.